

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Laurel County Sentinel Echo, June 6, 2011]

MOORE THINKS TIMES ARE GOOD, BETTER THAN PAST

(By Carol Mills, Staff Writer)

Jim Moore, 82, grew up in the depression when times were tough, but there was always food on the table.

He was born and raised in Laurel County on a farm on McWhorter Road. There were 12 children in his family and only one, besides him, Bill, is still living.

"We raised most of what we needed on our land," he said. "People who lived in big cities had to wait in soup lines two times a day because they didn't have any land to farm."

His parents peddled what they could at the Laurel County Fair, which was on south U.S. 25 about where Tincher-Williams is now.

"Every year they would set up a booth at the fair," Moore recalled. "They would take corn stalks, tobacco, canned goods, and bakery products. Mom got two or three blue ribbons about every year for her canning."

Moore's father, John, and mother, Lillie, also peddled on Main Street.

"I've seen it when the wagons were lined up and down Main Street and people sold watermelons, cantaloupes, whatever they had to sell. Watermelons sold for a nickel, dime or quarter depending on the size."

The family also went to the Laurel County Homecoming every year.

"One year someone was selling R.C. Cola and dad bought some bottles for about a nickel each and we would take a drink and pass it around."

The Moore children all went to school in a one-room schoolhouse and one teacher taught all the classes. There were about 60 or 70 students.

"I got expelled the first day I went to school," Moore laughed. "I disobeyed the teacher. The teacher told two of the guys to go to a neighbor's house and carry buckets of water to the school. I started to go with them and she told me not to. I thought, 'Who are you to tell me not to go somewhere.' I went and she wrote a letter to my mom."

Moore went back to school the next year and started first grade. He said he was too young the previous year anyway.

Moore said hardly anybody had a car back then.

"One day at school we saw a car coming down the road," he said. "All of us, the teacher too, went to the banks along the road to the schoolhouse to wait on the car. When the car came by, we were all waving."

When Moore got home from school, the car was sitting at his house.

"It was my dad's brother, Uncle Leslie, and his wife. They drove that Model A all the way from Oregon. One day he took us to the movies at the Reda Theater in town. The car had a rumble seat. There were 16 of us altogether including grandma and grandpa. I don't know how many trips he took to take us up there and then going back and getting the rest. He paid 10 cents for each of us to see the movie. We thought he was a rich guy."

His father gave up some of his land so that Johnson Elementary School could be built.

"He gave the school board 10 acres," Moore recalled. "He might have gotten \$2,000 or \$3,000 out of it. I don't know back then. It was in the corner of the farm. We had a one-room schoolhouse and a church on McWhorter Road. That was in the Maplesville district. The school and church were both called Macedonia. Up the road, they had a Johnson School there on the corner of Old 80 and Johnson Road before they built the one on McWhorter."

There was someone on the school board by the name of Johnson at the time so that is where the school got its name, Moore said.

Because Moore's father had 12 children, he was not drafted into WWII.

"That's the only way you got out was to have an extra-large family," Moore said.

One day Moore's mother loaded up five of her children and took them to Dr. H.V. Pennington to have their tonsils taken out. He had an office above Begley Drug Store, where Pocket Park is today. They came back home that evening.

"They didn't want us to eat anything that day, but I wanted a biscuit and molasses. I cried my eyes out. I thought they were going to starve me to death."

"That amazes me," said Mildred, Moore's wife. "She took five kids to get their tonsils take out at one time. Can you imagine taking care of five? One's bad enough."

"They put a cloth over my face and then sprinkled ether over it until you fell asleep," Moore said. "I can still smell that ether now."

Moore also recalled there used to be a Poor House in London at the location of Laurel Heights Home for the Elderly. He said whole families could stay there, much like the Christian Shelter for the Homeless on Fourth Street.

Moore remembered the first radio to come into his neighborhood. His grandfather bought it.

"It had a dry battery and a wet battery and had a wire going through the garden to pick up signals. Everyone would come in on Saturday night and listen to the radio, especially the Grand Ole Opry. I think it's the oldest radio station in the nation."

"They also had the ring-a-ding telephones," he continued. "Your ring might be two short, one long, or one long, two short. Everybody had a different ring. You could pick up the phone and hear anybody talking. It was a party line."

When he was 16 or 17, Moore joined the U.S. Army. He stayed in the army for three or four years and after he was discharged, he drove a freight truck for 35 years before retiring.

Moore was married to his first wife, Ethel, for 51 years before she passed away. Mildred, his second wife, said they will be married for three years this December. They both had been widowed for several years when they met at the VFW Club while going to one of their dances.

Moore said he has had a good life overall, but the best time is the present.

"We have running water. No more getting up in the cold morning and having to build a fire."

RECOGNIZING HEIMERDINGER CUTLERY

Mr. MCCONNELL. Madam President, I rise today to pay tribute to one of Louisville, KY's oldest and most renowned locally owned businesses, a true treasure of my hometown that adds to the River City's charm. I am speaking of Heimerdinger Cutlery, a family-owned business that celebrates 150 years as a Louisville institution this month. Heimerdinger was first listed in the Louisville city directory in 1861 as "A. Heimerdinger: Cutler and Sewing Machine Repair."

In the 150 years since, Heimerdinger Cutlery has become one of Louisville's premier shops for kitchen and pocket knives, scissors, shaving needs, sharpening stones, magnifiers and many

other items as well as a first stop for learning about blade quality. It is one of the oldest family-owned cutlery stores in the Nation.

Heimerdinger Cutlery celebrated its 150th anniversary with a special ceremony and ribbon cutting earlier this month in Louisville, kicking off a week-long celebration event for its customers. This celebration included a special promotion honoring America's servicemen and women.

Residents of the Louisville area were also able to meet and learn from one of the editors of Knife World Newspaper, who came to Heimerdinger Cutlery to assess the value of older, collectible knives and sign books. Heimerdinger Cutlery also celebrated its anniversary with products from another Louisville institution, Louisville Stoneware.

Heimerdinger Cutlery is currently owned and operated by two proud Louisvillians, Carl and Glenna Heimerdinger, who carry on the family business started in 1861 by Carl's great-grandfather August Heimerdinger, originally born in Germany. When August started the company, he focused on scissors, butcher knives and sewing machine repair.

Over the years, Heimerdinger Cutlery expanded into barber and beauty supplies and secured the original patent on grass shears. In 1996, to celebrate their 135th anniversary, Heimerdinger Cutlery had a "Hanging of the Shears Day," and placed a 6-foot-long, 70-pound, working pair of shears on display in their store.

I congratulate Carl and Glenna Heimerdinger for the success of their Louisville institution. Businesses like theirs are the reason the city of Louisville and the Commonwealth of Kentucky will continue to thrive and grow. Here's hoping for many more years of success to Heimerdinger Cutlery of Louisville.

SECURING AIRCRAFT COCKPITS

Mr. WHITEHOUSE. Madam President, this February I joined with colleagues from both sides of the aisle to offer an amendment to the FAA Air Transportation Modernization and Safety Act to secure aircraft cockpits by making it a Federal criminal offense to knowingly aim the beam of a laser at an aircraft. Our commonsense and bipartisan amendment to protect passengers and pilots received overwhelming support in this body, and was agreed to by a vote of 96 to 1. A similar measure subsequently passed the House, without controversy, by voice vote under the suspension rules. Unfortunately, the larger bill to which my amendment was attached has been held up because of unrelated issues. As a result, today I am joining with Senators KIRK, BOXER, and FEINSTEIN to re-introduce this provision as a stand-alone bill.

When targeted at aircraft, laser pointer strikes can instantly flash throughout the cockpit, temporarily